

AND RECESSIONAL

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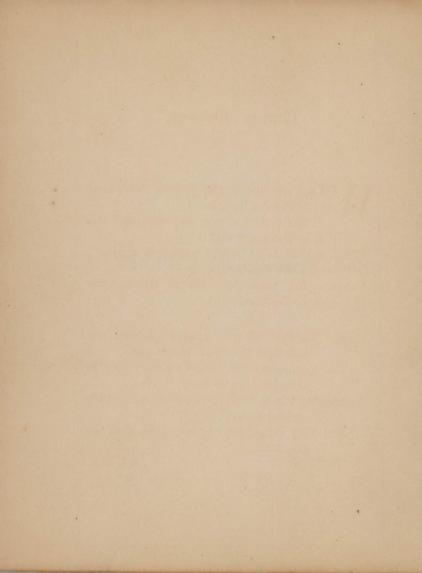
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BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS.



Danny Deever.

HAT are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.

"To turn you out, to turn out," the Colour-Sergeant said.

"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.

"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can hear the Dead March play,

The regiment's in 'ollow square—they're hangin' him to-day;

They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away,

An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Colour-Sergeant said.

"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" says Files-on-Parade.

"A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun," the Colour-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im round,

They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground;

An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin' shootin' hound—

O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

"Is cot was right-'and cot to mine," said Files-on-Parade.

"''E's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the Colour-Sergeant said.

- "I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on-Parade.
- "'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Colour-Sergeant said.
 - They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark 'im to 'is place,
 - For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must look 'im in the face;
 - Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the regiment's disgrace,
 - While they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.
- "What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.
- "It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Colour-Sergeant said.
- "What's that that whimpers over'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.
- "It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quickstep play,

The regiment's in column, and they're marchin' us away;

Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll want their beer to-day,

After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin.'

Tommy.

WENT into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,

The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no redcoats here."

The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,

I outs into the street again, an' to myself sez I:

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, go away;"

But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play, The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play,

O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when

the band begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be, They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;

They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,

But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls!

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, wait outside;"

But it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the tide,

The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the troopship's on the tide,

O it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep

Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation cheap;

An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin' large a bit

Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?"

But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll,

The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums begin to roll,

O it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,

But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;

An' if sometimes our conduck isn't all your fancy paints;

Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints;

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, fall be'ind;"

But it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there's trouble in the wind,

There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble in the wind,

O it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all:

We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.

Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our face

The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"

But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot.

Yes, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;

But Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that Tommy sees!

"Fuzzy-Wuzzy."

(Soudan Expeditionary Force.)

WE'VE fought with many men acrost the seas,

An' some of 'em was brave, an' some was not,

The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese; But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.

We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:

'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses, 'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,

An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;

You're a pore benighted 'eathen, but a firstclass fightin' man;

We gives you your certificate, an' if you want it signed,

We'll come an' have a romp with you whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
The Burman give us Irriwaddy chills,
An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style:
But all we ever got from such as they
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.

Then 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis an' the kid;

Our orders was to break you, an' of course we went an' did.

We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly fair;

But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you broke the square.

'E' asn't got no papers of 'is own,

'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,

So we must certify the skill 'e's shown

In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords:

When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush

With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,

An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush

Will last an 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends which are no more;

If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would 'elp you to deplore;

But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the bargain fair,

For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree;
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a damn
For a Regiment o' British Infantree!

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;

You're a pore benighted 'eathen, but a firstclass fightin' man;

An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air—

You big black boundin' beggar—for you broke a British square!

Soldier, Soldier.

Soldier, come from the wars,
Why don't you march with my true
love?"

"We're fresh from off the ship, an' 'e's maybe give the slip—

An' you'd best go look for a new love."

New love! True love!

Best go look for a new love;

The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd better
dry your eyes—

An' you'd best go look for a new love.

"Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
What did you see o' my true love?"

"I seed 'im serve the Queen in a suit o' riflegreen—

An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
Did ye see no more o' my true love?"

"I seed 'im runnin' by when the shots begun to
fly—
But you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
Did aught take 'arm to my true love?"
"I couldn't see the fight, for the smoke it lay
so white—
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
I'll up an' tend to my true love!"

"'E's lying on the dead with a bullet through
'is 'ead—

An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
I'll down an' die with my true love!"

"The pit we dug 'll 'ide 'im an' the twenty
men beside 'im—
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
Do you bring no sign from my true love?"

"I bring a lock of 'air that 'e allus used to
wear—

An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
O, then, I know it's true I've lost my true
love!"

"An' I'll tell you truth again—when you've lost the feel o' pain—

You'd best take me for your true love."

True love! New love!

Best take 'im for a new love;

The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd better
dry your eyes—

An' you'd best take 'im for your true love.

Screw-Guns.

SMOKIN' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the mornin' cool,

I walks in my old brown gaiters along 'o my old brown mule,

With seventy gunners be'ind me, an' never a beggar forgets

It's only the pick of the Army that handles the dear little pets—'Tss! 'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—the screw-guns they all love you!

So when we call round with a few guns, o' course you will know what to do—hoo! hoo!

Jest send in your Chief an' surrender—it's worse if you fights or you runs:

You can go where you please, you can skid up the trees, but you don't get away from the guns.

They sends us along where the roads are, but mostly we goes where they ain't;

We'd climb up the side of a signboard, an' trust to the stick o' the paint:

We've chivied the Naga an' Looshai, we've give the Afreedeeman fits,

For we fancies ourselves at two thousand, we guns that are built in two bits—'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns, etc.

If a man doesn't work, why, we drills 'im an' teaches 'im 'ow to behave;

If a beggar can't march, why, we kills 'im an' rattles 'im into 'is grave.

You've got to stand up to our business, an' spring without snatchin' or fuss.

D' you say that you sweat with the field-guns?

By God, you must lather with us—'Tss!

'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns, etc.

The eagles is screamin' around us, the river's a-moanin' below;

We're clear o' the pine an' the oak-scrub, we're out on the rocks an' the snow;

An' the wind is as thin as a whip-lash what carries away to the plains

The rattle an' stamp of the lead-mules, the jinglety-jink o' the chains—'Tss! 'Tss! For you all love the screw-guns, etc.

There's a wheel on the Horns o' the Mornin', an' a wheel on the edge o' the Pit,

An' a drop into nothin' beneath you as straight as a beggar can spit:

With the sweat runnin' out o' your shirt-sleeves, an' the sun off the snow in your face,

An' 'arf o' the men on the drag-ropes to hold the old gun in 'er place—'Tss! 'Tss! For you all love the screw-guns, etc.

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the mornin' cool,

I climbs in my old brown gaiters along o' my old brown mule.

The monkey can say what our road was—the wild-goat 'e knows where we passed.

Stand easy, you long-eared old darlin's! Out drag-ropes!

With shrapnel! Hold fast—'Tss! 'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—the screw-guns they all love you!

So when we take tea with a few guns, o' course you will know what to do—hoo! hoo'

Just send in your Chief an' surrender—it's worse if you fights or you runs:

You may 'ide in the caves, they'll be only your graves, but you can't get away from the guns!

Gunga Din.

YOU may talk o' gin an' beer when you're quartered safe out 'ere,

An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;

But when it comes to slaughter, you will do your work on water,

An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it.

Now, in Injia's sunny clime, where I used to spend my time

A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,

Of all them blackfaced crew, the finest man I knew

Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.

He was "Din! Din! Din!
You limpin' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga
Din!

Hi! slippery hitherao! Water—get it! Panee lao!* You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din!"

The uniform 'e wore was nothin' much before, An' rather less that 'arf o' that be'ind—

For a piece o' twisty rag an' a goatskin waterbag

Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.

When the sweatin' troop-train lay in a sidin' through the day,

Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows crawl,

We shouted, "Harry By!" till our throats were bricky-dry,

Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve us all.

^{*} Bring water swiftly.

[#] Mr. Atkins' equivalent for "O Brother!"

It was "Din! Din! Din!
You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave
you been?
You put some juldee* in it
Or I'll marrow you this minute
If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga
Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one till the longest day was done;

An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.

If we charged or broke or cut, you could bet your bloomin' nut

E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.

With 'is mussick! on 'is back, 'e would skip with our attack,

An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire;"

An' for all 'is dirty 'ide, 'e was white, clear white, inside

When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!

^{*} Be quick. † Hit you. ‡ Water-skin.

It was "Din! Din!"
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green.

When the cartridges ran out,
You could hear the front-files shout,
"Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga
Din!"

I sha'n't forget the night when I dropped be'ind the fight

With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.

I was chokin' mad with thirst, an' the man that spied me first

Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.

'E lifted up my 'ead, an' 'e plugged me where I bled,

An' 'e guv me 'arf a pint o' water-green: It was crawlin', an' it stunk, but of all the

drinks I've drunk,

I'm gratefullest to one from Gunga Din.

It was "Din! Din! Din!"
'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen,

'E's chawin' up the ground, An' 'e's kickin' all around:

For Gawd's sake, git the water, Gunga Din!

'E carried me away to where a dooli lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar
clean.

'E put me safe inside, an' just before 'e died,
"I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga
Din.

So I'll meet 'im later on at the place where 'e is gone—

Where it's always double drill an' no canteen;

'E'll be squattin' on the coals, givin' drink to poor damned souls,

An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din!

Yes, Din, Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
Though I've belted you and flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga
Din!

Oonts.

(Northern India Transport Train.)

OT makes the soldier's 'eart to penk, wot makes 'im to perspire?

It isn't standin' up to charge nor lyin' down to fire;

But it's everlastin' waitin, on an everlastin' road,

For the commissariat camel an' 'is commissariat load.

O the cont, * O the commissariat cont!

With 'is silly neck a-bobbin' like a basket full o' snakes;

^{*} Camel (oo is pronounced like u in bull, but by Mr. Atkins to rhyme with front.)

We packs 'im like an idol, an' you ought to 'ear 'im grunt,

An' when we gets 'im loaded up, 'is blessed girth-rope breaks.

Wot makes the rear-guard swear so 'ard when night is drorin' in,

An' every native follower is shiverin' for 'is skin?

It ain't the chanst of being rushed by Paythans from the 'ills:

It's the commissariat camel puttin' on 'is bloomin' frills!

O the cont, O the cont, O the hairy scary cont!

A-trippin' over tent-ropes when we've got the night-alarm!

We socks 'im with a stretcher-pole, an' 'eads' im off in front,

An' when we've saved 'is bloomin' life, 'e chaws our bloomin' arm.

The 'orse'e knows above a bit, the bullock's but a fool,

The elephant's a gentleman, the battery-mule's a mule;

But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said an' done,

'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one.

O the cont, O the cont, O the Gawdforsaken cont!

The lumpy-'umpy 'ummin'-bird a-singin' where he lies.

'E's blocked the 'ole division from the rear guard to the front,

An' when we gets 'im up again—the beggar goes an' dies!

'E'll gall an' chafe an' lame an' fight—'e smells most awful vile;

'E'll lose 'isself forever, if you let 'im stray a mile;

'E's game to graze the 'ole day long an' 'owl the 'ole night though,

An' when 'e comes to greasy ground, 'e splits 'isself in two.

O the cont, O the cont, O the floppin', droppin cont!

When 'is long legs give from under an' 'is meltin' eye is dim,

The tribes is up be ind us, an' the tribes is out in front—

It ain't no jam for Tommy, but it's kites an' crows for 'im.

So when the cruel march is done, an' when the roads is blind,

An' when we sees the camp in front an 'ears the shots be'ind,

Ho then we strips 'is saddle off an' all 'is woes is past:

'E thinks on us that used 'im so, and gets revenge at last.

O the oont, O the oont, O the floatin', bloatin' oont!

The late lamented camel in the watercut 'e lies;

We keeps a mile be'ind 'im, an' we keeps a mile in front,

But 'e gets into the drinkin'-casks, an' then o' course we dies.

Loot.

IF you've ever stole a pheasant-egg be'ind

If you've ever snigged the washin' from the line,

If you've ever crammed a gander in your bloomin' 'aversack,

You will understand this little song o' mine. But the service rules are 'ard, an' from such we are debarred,

For the same with English morals does not suit.

(Cornet: Toot! toot!)

W'y they call a man a robber if 'e stuffs 'is marchin' clobber

With the-

(Chorus.) Loo! loo! Lulu! lulu! Loo! loo! Loot! loot! loot! Ow the loot! bloomin' loot!

That's the thing to make the boys get up an' shoot!

It's the same with dogs and men—
If you'd make 'em come again,

Clap 'em forward with a Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot!

(ff) Whoopee! Tear 'im, puppy! Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

If you've knocked a nigger edgeways when 'e's thrustin' for your life,

You must leave 'im very careful where 'e fell;

An' may thank your stars an' gaiters, if you didn't feel 'is knife,

That you ain't told off to bury 'im as well.

Then the sweatin' Tommies wonder as they spade the beggars under

Why lootin' should be entered as a crime;

So, if my song you'll 'ear, I will learn you plain an' clear

'Ow to pay yourself for fightin' overtime— (Chorus.) With the loot, etc. Now, remember when you're 'ackin' round a gilded Burma god

That 'is eyes is very often precious stones;

An' if you treat a nigger to a dose of cleanin'.
rod,

'E's like to show you everything 'e owns.

When 'e won't prodoce no more, pour some water on the floor

Where you 'ear it answer 'ollow to the boot— (Cornet: Toot! toot!)—

When the ground begins to sink, shore your baynick down the chink,

An' you're sure to touch the-

(Chorus.) Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot, loot! loot! etc.

When from 'ouse to 'ouse you're 'untin', you must always work in pairs—

It 'alves the game, but safer, you will find-For a single man gets bottled on them twist!"
wisty stairs,

An' a woman comes and clobs 'im from he'ind.

When you've turned 'em inside out, an' it seems beyond a doubt

As if there weren't enough to dust a flute—
(Cornet: Toot! toot!)—

Before you sling your 'ook, at the 'ouse-tops take a look,

For it's underneath the tiles they 'ide the loot.

(Chorus.) Ow the loot! etc.

You can mostly square a Sergint, an' a Quartermaster too,

If you only take the proper way to go;

I could never keep my pickin's; but I've learned you all I knew—

An' don't you never say I told you so.

An' now I'll bid good-by, for I'm gettin' rather dry,

An' I see another tunin' up to toot—
(Cornet: Toot! toot!)—

So 'ere's good luck to those that wears the Widow's clo'es,

An' the Devil sen 'em all they want o' loot!

(Chorus.) Yes, the loot! bloomin' loot!

In the tunic an' the mess-tin an' the boot!

It's the same with dogs an' men—

If you'd make 'em come again,

(fff) Whoop 'em forward with a Loo! loo!

Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

Heeya! Sick 'im puppy! Loo! loo! Lulu!

Loot! loot! loot!

"Snarleyow."

THIS 'appened in a battle to a batt'ry of the corps

Which is first among the women an amazin' first in war;

An' what the bloomin' battle was I don't remember now,

But Two's off-lead 'e answered to the name o' Snarleyow.

Down in the Infantry, nobody cares; Down in the Cavalry, Colonel 'e swears; But down in the lead, with the wheel at the flog,

Turns the bold Bombardier to a little whipped dog!

They was movin' into action, they was needed very sore,

To learn a little schoolin' to a native army corps.

They 'ad nipped against an uphill, they was tuckin' down the brow,

When a tricky, trundlin' round-shot gave the knock to Snarleyow.

They cut 'im loose an' left 'im—'e was almost tore in two—

But 'e tried to follow after, as a well-trained 'orse should do.

'E went an' fouled the limber, an' the Driver's Brother squeals:

"Pull up, pull up for Snarleyow—'is 'ead's between 'is 'eels!"

The Driver 'umped 'is shoulder, for the wheels was goin' round,

An' there aren't no "Stop, conductor!" when a batt'ry's changin' ground.

Sez'e: "I broke the beggar in, an' very sad I feels,

But I couldn't pull up, not for you—your 'ead between your 'eels!'

'E 'adn't 'ardly spoke the word, before a droppin' shell

A little right the batt'ry and between the sections fell;

An' when the smoke 'ad cleared away, before the limber wheels,

There lay the Driver's Brother with 'is 'ead between 'is 'eels.

Then sez the Driver's Brother, an' 'is words was very plain,

"For Gawd's own sake, get over me, an' put me out o' pain!"

They saw 'is wounds was mortial, an' they judged that it was best,

So they took an' drove the limber straight across 'is back an' chest.

The Driver' 'e give nothin' 'cept a little coughin' grunt—

But 'e swung 'is 'orses 'andsome when it came to "Action front!" An' if one wheel was juicy, you may lay your Monday 'ead,

'Twas juicier for the niggers when the case begun to spread.

The moril of this story—it is plainly to be seen: You 'aven't got no families when servin' of the Queen—

You 'aven't got no brothers, fathers, sisters, wives or sons.

If you want to win your battles, take an' work your bloomin' guns!

Down in the Infantry, nobody cares; Down in the Cavalry, Colonel 'e swears; But down in the lead, with the wheel at the flog,

Turns the bold Bombardier to a little whipped dog!

The Widow at Windsor.

'A E you 'eard of the Widow at Windsor, With a 'airy gold crown on 'er 'ead? She 'as ships on the foam—she 'as millions at 'ome,

An' she pays us poor beggars in red.

(Ow, poor beggars in red!)

There's 'ar nigh on the cayalry 'orses.

There's 'er nick on the cavalry 'orses,

There's 'er mark on the medical stores—

An' 'er troopers you'll find with a fair wind be'ind

That takes us to various wars. (Poor beggars!—barbarious wars!)

Then 'ere's to the Widow at Windsor,
An' 'eres' to the stores an' the guns,
The men an' the 'orses what makes up the forces
O' Missis Victorier's sons.

(Poor beggars!—Victorier's sons!)
Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,
For 'alf o' Creation she owns:

We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an' the flame,

An' we've salted it down with our bones. (Poor beggars!—it's blue with our bones!)

Hands off o' the sons of the Widow! Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop!

For the Kings must come down, an' the Emperors frown,

When the Widow at Windsor says "Stop!" (Poor beggars! — we're sent to say "Stop!")

Then 'ere's to the Lodge o' the Widow,
From the Pole to the Tropics it runs—
To the Lodge that we tile with the rank an'
the file,

An' open in form with the guns.

(Poor beggars!—it's always the guns!)

We 'ave 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor,

It's safest to leave 'er alone:

For 'er sentries we stand by the sea an' the land

Wherever the bugles are blown.

(Poor beggars!—an' don't we get blown!)
Take 'old o' the Wings o' the Mornin',

An' flop round the earth till you're dead,

But you won't get away from the tune that they play

To the bloomin' old Rag over'ead. (Poor beggars!— it's 'ot over'ead!)

Then 'ere's to the sons o' the Widow Wherever, 'owever they roam.

Ere's all they desire, an' if they require
A speedy return to their 'ome.
(Poor beggars!— they'll never see 'ome!)

Belts.

Proper application

THERE was a row in Silver Street—that's near to Dublin Quay—

Between an Irish regiment an' English cavalree;

It started at Revelly, an' it lasted on till dark; The first man dropped at Harrison's, the last forninst the Park.

For it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's one for you!"

An' it was "Belt, belts, belts, an' that's done for you!"

O buckle an' tongue

Was the song that we sung

From Harrison's down to the Park!

There was a row in Silver Street—the regiments was out;

They called us "Delhi Rebels," an' we answered "Threes about!"

That drew them like a hornet's nest—we met them good an' large,

The English at the double, an' the Irish at the charge.

Then it was "Belts," etc.

There was a row in Silver Street—an' I was in it too;

We passed the time o' day, an' then the belts went whiraru!

I misremember what occurred, but subsequint the storm

A Freeman's Journal Supplement was all my uniform.

O it was "Belts," etc.

There was a row in Silver Street—they sent the Polis there—

The English were too drunk to know, the Irish didn't care;

But when they grew impertinint, we simultaneous rose,

Till half o' them was Liffey mud, an' half was tatthered clo'es.

For it was "Belts," etc.

There was a row in Silver Street—it might ha' raged till now,

But some one drew his sidearm clear, an' nobody knew how;

'Twas Hogan took the point an' dropped; we saw the red blood run:

An' so we all was murderers that started out in fun.

While it was "Belts," etc.

There was a row in Silver Street—but that put down the shine,

Wid each man whisperin' to his next, "'Twas never work o' mine!"

We went away like beaten dogs, an' down the street we bore him,

The poor dumb corpse that couldn't tell the bhoys were sorry for him.

When it was "Belts," etc.

There was a row in Silver Street—it isn't over yet,

For half of us are under guard, wid punishments to get;

'Tis all a merricle to me, as in the Clink I lie: There was a row in Silver Street—begod, I wonder why!

But it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's one for you!"

An' it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's done for you!"

O buckle an' tongue
Was the song that we sung
From Harrison's down to the Park!

The Young British Soldier.

HEN the 'arf-made recruity goes out to the East,

'E acts like a babe an' 'e drinks like a beast,

An' 'e wonders because 'e is frequent deceased 'Ere 'e's fit to serve as a soldier.

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier; Serve, serve, serve as a soldier; Serve, serve, serve as a soldier— So-oldier of the Queen!

Now, all you recruities what's drafted to-day, You shut up your rag-box an' 'ark to my lay, An' I'll sing you a soldier as far as I may— A soldier what's fit for a soldier.

Fit, fit, fit for a soldier, etc.

First, mind you steer clear o' the grog-sellers' huts,

For they sell you Fixed Bay'nets that rots out your guts—

Ay, drink that 'ud eat the live steel from your butts—

An' its bad for the young British soldier.

Bad, bad, bad for the soldier, etc.

When the cholera comes—as it will, past a doubt—

Keep out o' the wet, and don't go on the shout, For the sickness gets in as the liquor dies out, An' it crumples the young British soldier.

Crum-, crum-, crumples the soldier, etc.

But the worst o' your foes is the sun over'ead:
You must wear your 'elmet, for all that is
said—

If 'e finds you uncovered, 'e'll knock you down dead,

An' you'll die like a fool of a soldier.

Fool, fool of a soldier, etc.

If you're cast for fatigue by a sergeant unkind, Don't grouse like a woman, nor crack on nor blind;

Be handy an' civil an' then you will find That it's beer for the young British soldier.

Beer, beer, beer for the soldier etc.

Now, if you must marry, take care she is old—A troop-sergeant's widow's the nicest, I'm told—

For beauty won't help if your rations is cold, Nor love ain't enough for a soldier.

'Nough, 'nough, 'nough for a soldier, etc.

If the wife should go wrong with a comrade, be loth

To shoot when you catch 'em—you'll swing, on my oath!

Make 'im take 'er an' keep 'er; that's Hell for 'em both,

An' you're shut o' the curse of a soldier.

Curse, curse of a soldier, etc.

When first under fire, an' you're wishful to duck,

Don't look nor take 'eed at the man that is struck,

Be thankful you're livin' an' trust to your luck, An' march to your front like a soldier.

Front, front, front like a soldier, etc.

When 'arf of your bullets fly wide in the ditch, Don't call your Martini a cross-eyed old bitch; She's human as you are—you treat 'er as sich, An' she'll fight for the young British soldier.

Fight, fight, fight for the soldier, etc.

When shakin' their bustles like ladies so fine,
The guns o' the enemy wheel into line,
Shoot low at the limbers, an' don't mind the
shine,

For noise never startles the soldier.

Start-, start-, startles the soldier, etc.

If your officer's dead, an' the sergeants look white.

Remember it's ruin to run from a fight. So take open order, lie down, an' sit tight, An' wait for supports like a soldier.

Wait, wait like a soldier, etc.

When you're wounded an' left on Afghanistan's plains,

An' the women come out to cut up what re mains,

Just roll to your rifle an' blow out your brains, An' go to your Gawd like a soldier.

> Go, go, go like a soldier; Go, go, go like a soldier; Go, go, go like a soldier: So-oldier of the Queen!

Mandalay.

BY the old Moulmein Pagoda lookin' eastward to the sea,

There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks o' me;

For the wind is in the palm trees, an' the temple bells they say:

"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay, Where the old Flotilla lay

Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin's fisher plan

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay! 'Er petticoat was yaller, an' 'er little cap was green,

An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen;

An' I seed 'er first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,

An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot.

Bloomin' idol made o' mud-

What they called the Great Gawd Budd;

Plucky lot she cared for idols, when I kissed 'er where she stud!

On the road to Mandalay, etc.

When the mist was on the rice-fields, an' the sun was droppin' slow,

She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "Kullaloo lo!"

With 'er arm upon my shoulder, an' 'er cheek agin my cheek,

We useter watch the steamers an' the hathis pilin' teak.

Elephints a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squdgy creek,

Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak!

On the road to Mandalay, etc.

But that's all shove be'ind me-long ago an' fur away,

An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Bank

to Mandalay;

An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the tenyear soldier tells:

'If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed naught else.''

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else But them spicy garlic smells,

An' the sunshine, an' the palm trees, an' the tinkly temple-bells,
On the road to Mandalay, etc.

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-stones,

An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones:

Though I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,

An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and—
Law! wot do they understand?

I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner,
greener land!

On the road to Mandalay, etc.

Ship me somewheres East of Suez, where the best is like the worst,

Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst;

For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be—

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea--

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnin's when we
went to Mandalay!
O the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay!

Troopin'.

(Our Army in the East.)

ROOPIN', troopin', troopin' to the sea:
'Ere's September come again—the
six-year men are free.

O leave the dead be'ind us, for they cannot come away

To where the ship's a-coalin' up that takes us 'ome to-day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome!
Our ship is at the shore,
An' you must pack your 'aversack,
For we won't come back no more.
Ho, don't you grieve for me,
My lovely Mary Ann;
For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit
As a time-expired man!

The Malabar's in 'arbour, with the Jumner at 'er tail,

An' the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders for to sail.

Ho! the weary waitin' when on Khyber 'ills we lay;

But the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders 'ome to-day.

They'll turn us out at Portsmouth wharf in cold an' wet an' rain,

All wearin' Injian cotton kit, but we will not complain,

They'll kill us of pneumonia—for that's their little way;

But damn the chills and fever, men! we're goin' 'ome to-day!

Troopin', troopin'—winter's round again!
See the new draf's pourin' in for the old campaign.

Ho, you poor recruities! but you've got to earn your pay—

What's the last from Lunnon, lads? We're goin there to-day.

Troopin', troopin'—give another cheer!
'Ere's to English women an' a quart of English beer;

The colonel an' the regiment an' all who've got to stay,

Gawd's mercy strike 'em gentle! Whoop! we're goin' 'ome to-day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' ome!
Our ship is at the shore,
An' you must pack your 'aversack,
For we won't come back no more.
Ho, don't you grieve for me,
My lovely Mary Ann:
For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit,
As a time-expired man!

Ford o' Kabul River.

ABUL town's by Kabul river—
Blow the bugle, draw the sword!
There I left my mate forever,
Wet an' drippin' by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
There's the river up an' brimmin', an' there's
'arf a squadron swimmin'
Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town's a blasted place—
Blow the bugle, draw the sword!
'Strewth I sha'n't forget 'is face,
Wet an' drippin' by the ford!

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
Keep the crossin'-stakes beside you, an' they
will surely guide you
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town is sun an' dust—
Blow the bugle, draw the sword!
I'd ha' sooner drownded fust
'Stead of 'im beside the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
You can 'ear the 'orses thrashin', you can 'ear
the men a-splashin'
Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town was ours to take—
Blow the bugle, draw the sword!
I'd ha' left it for 'is sake—
'Im that left me by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

It's none so bloomin' dry there; ain't you never
comin' nigh there,
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark?

Kabul town 'll go to hell—
Blow the bugle, draw the sword!
'Fore I see 'im 'live an' well—
'Im the best beside the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
Gawd'elp'em if they blunder—for their boots'll
pull'em under,
By the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Turn your 'orse from Kabul town—
Blow the bugle, draw the sword!—
I m an' 'arf my troop is down—
Down an' drownded by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
There's the river low an' fallin', but it ain't no
use o' callin'
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Route Marchin'.

WE'RE march:n' on relief over Injia's sunny plains,

A little front o' Christmas-time an'

just be'ind the Rains.

Ho! get away, you bullock-man! you've 'eard the bugle blowed—

There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand
Trunk Road—

With its best foot first, An' the road a-slidin' past,

An' every bloomin' campin' ground exactly like the last;

While the Big Drum says
With 'is "Rowdy-dowdy-dow!"

Kiko kissywarsti don't you hamsher argy jow?"

Oh, there's them Injian temples to admire when you see;

There's the peacock round the corner an' the monkey up the tree;

An' there's that rummy silver-grass a-wavin' in the wind,

An' the old Grand Trunk a-trailin' like a riflesling be'ind.

While it's best foot first, etc.

At half-past five's Revelly, an' our tents they down must come,

Like a lot o' button mushrooms when you pick 'em up at 'ome.

But it's over in a minute, an' at six the column starts,

While the women an' the kiddies sit an' shiver in the carts.

An' its best foot first, etc.

Oh, then it's open order, an' we lights our pipes an' sings,

An' we talks about our rations an' a lot of other things;

An' we thinks o' friends in England, an' we wonders what they're at,

An 'ow they would admire for to 'ear us sling the bat.*

An' it's best foot first, etc.

It's none so bad o' Sunday, when you're lyin' at your ease,

To watch the kites a-wheelin round them feather-'eaded trees—

For although there ain't no women, yet there ain't no barrick-yards,

So the orficers goes shootin' an' the men they plays at cards.

Till it's best foot first, etc.

So 'ark an' 'eed, you rookies, which is always grumblin' sore—

There's worser things than marchin' from Umballa to Cawnpore;

^{*}Thomas' first and firmest conviction is that he is a profound Orientalist and a fluent speaker of Hindustani. As a matter of fact, he depends largely on the signlanguage.

An' if your 'eels are blistered, an' they feels to 'urt like 'ell,

You drop some tallow in your socks, an' that will make 'em well.

For it's best foot first, etc.

We're marchin' on relief over Injia's coral strand—

Eight 'undred fightin' Englishmen, the Colonel, and the Band.

Ho! get away, you bullock-man! you've 'eard the bugle blowed—

There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand
Trunk Road—

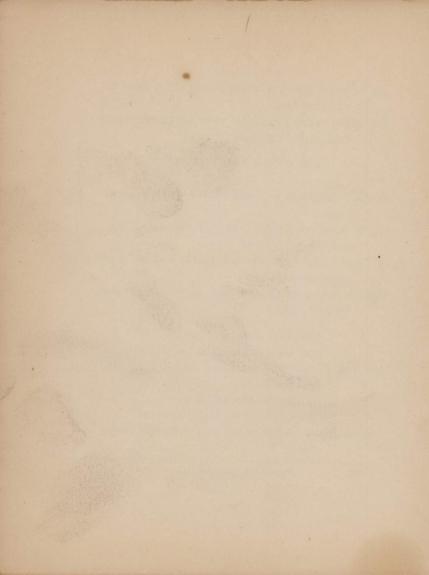
With its best foot first, An' the road a-slidin' past,

An' every bloomin' campin' ground exactly like the last;
While the big drum says,

While the big drum says,
With it "Rowdy dowdy-dow!"

"Kiko kissywarsti don't you hamsher argy jow?"

^{*}Why don't you get on?



OTHER VERSES.

To the Unknown Goddess.

WILL you conquer my heart with your beauty; my soul going out from afar? Shall I fall to your hand as a victim of crafty and cautious shikar?

Have I met you and passed you already, unknowing, unthinking, and blind?

Shall I meet you next season at Simla, O sweetest and best of your kind?

Does the P. and O. bear you to me-ward, or, clad in short frocks in the West,

Are you growing the charms that shall capture and torture the heart in my breast?

Will you stay in the Plains till September my passsion as warm as the day?

Will you bring me to book on the Mountains, or where the thermantidotes play?

When the light of your eyes shall make pallid the mean lesser lights I pursue,

And the charm of your presence shall lure me from love of the gay "thirteen-two;"

When the peg and the pig-skin shall please not; when I buy me Calcutta-built clothes;

When I quit the Delight of Wild Asses; forswearing the swearing of oatls.

As a deer to the hand of the hunter when I turn 'mid the gibes of my friends;

When the days of my freedom are numbered, and the life of the bachelor ends.

Ah, Goddess! child, spinster, or widow—as of old on Mars Hill when they raised

To the God that they knew not an altar—so I, a young Pagan, have praised

The Goddess I know not nor worship; yet if half that men tell me be true,

You will come in the future—and therefore these verses are written to you.

The Rupaiyat of Omar Kal'vin.

[Allowing for the difference 'twixt prose and rhymed exaggeration, this ought to reproduce the sense of what Sir A—— told the nation some time ago, when the Government struck from our incomes two per cent.]

OW the New Year, reviving Last Year's Debt,

The Thoughtful Fisher casteth wide his Net:

So I with begging Dish and ready Tongue Assail all Men for all that I can get.

Imports indeed are gone with all their dues— Lo! Salt a Lever that I dare not use,

Nor may I ask the Tillers in Bengal—Surely my Kith and Kin will not refuse!

Pay—and I promise by the Dust of Spring Retrenchment. If my Promises can bring Comfort, Ye have them now a thousandfold—

By Allah! I will Promise Anything!

Indeed, indeed, Retrenchment oft before
I swore—but did I mean it when I swore?
And then, and then, We wander'd to the
Hills,
And so the Little Less became Much More.

Whether at Boileaugunge or Babylon, I know not how the wretched Thing is done, The items of Receipt grow surely small; The items of Expense mount one by one.

I cannot help it. What have I to do
With One and Five, or Four, or Three, or Two?
Let Scribes spit Blood and Sulphur as they
please,
Or Statesmen call me foolish—Heed not you.

Behold I promise—Anything You will. Behold, I greet you with an empty Till—Ah! Fellow-Sinners, of your Charity Seek not the Reason of the Dearth, but fill.

For if I sinn'd and fell, where lies the Gain Of Knowledge? Would it ease you of your Pain

To know the tangled Threads of Revenue I ravel deeper in a hopeless Skein?

"Who hath not Prudence?" what was it I said Of Her who paints her Eyes and tires her Head, And gibes and mocks the People in the Street,

And fawns upon them for her thriftless Bread?

Accursed is She of Eve's Daughters—She
Hath cast off Prudence, and her end shall be
Destruction. . . . Brethren of your Bounty
grant
Some Portion of your daily Bread to Me.

La Nuit Blanche.

A much-discerning Public hold
The Singer generally sings
Of personal and private things,
And prints and sells his past for gold.

Whatever I may here disclaim, The very clever folk I sing to Will most indubitably cling to Their pet delusion, just the same.

I HAD seen, as dawn was breaking
And I staggered to my rest,
Tari Devi softly shaking
From the Cart Road to the crest.
I had seen the spurs of Jakko
Heave and quiver, swell and sink.
Was it earthquake or tobacco,
Day of Doom or Night of Drink?

In the full, fresh, fragrant morning
I observed a camel crawl,
Laws of gravitation scorning,
On the ceiling and the wall;
Then I watched fender walking,
And I heard gray leeches sing,
And a red-hot monkey talking
Did not seem the proper thing.

Then a Creature, skinned and crimson,
Ran about the floor and cried,
And they said I had the "jims" on,
And they dosed me with bromide,
And they locked me in my bedroom
Me and one wee Blood-Red Mouse—
Tho' I said, "To give my head room
You had best unroof the house."

But my words were all unheeded, Though I told the grave M. D. That the treatment really needed Was a dip in open sea That was lapping just below me, Smooth as silver, white as snow, And it took three men to throw me When I found I could not go.

Half the night I watched the Heavens
Fizz like '81 champagne—
Fly to sixes and to sevens,
Wheel and thunder back again;
And when all was peace and order
Save one planet nailed askew,
Much I wept because my warder
Would not let me set it true.

After frenzied hours of waiting,
When the Earth and Skies were dumb,
Pealed an awful voice, dictating
A interminable sum,
Changing to a tangled story—
"What she said you said I said"—
Till the Moon arose in glory,
And I found her . . . in my head;

Then a Face came, blind and weeping,
And It couldn't wipe It's eyes,
And It muttered I was keeping
Back the moonlight from the skies;
So I patted It for pity,
But It whistled shrill with wrath,
And a huge black Devil City
Poured its peoples on my path.

So I fied with steps uncertain
On a thousand-year-long race,
But the bellying of the curtain
Kept me always in one place;
While the tumult rose and maddened
To the roar of Earth on fire,
Ere it ebbed and sank and saddened
To a whisper tense as wire.

In intolerable stillness
Rose one little, little star,
And it chuckled at my illness,
And it mocked me from afar;

And its brethren came and eyed me, Called the Universe to aid, Till I lay, with naught to hide me. 'Neath the Scorn of All Things Made.

Dun and saffron-robed and splendid,
Broke the solemn, pitying Day,
And I knew my pains were ended,
And I turned and tried to pray;
But my speech was shattered wholly,
And I wept as children weep,
Till the dawn-wind, softly, slowly,
Brought to burning eyelids sleep.

My Rival.

GO to concert, party, ball—
What profit is in these?
I sit alone against the wall
And strive to look at ease.
The incense that is mine by right
They burn before Her shrine;
And that's because I'm seventeen
And She is forty-nine.

I cannot check my girlish blush,
My color comes and goes;
I redden to my finger-tips,
And sometimes to my nose.
But She is white where white should be,
And red where red should shine.
The blush that flies at seventeen
Is fixed at forty-nine.

I wish I had Her constant cheek;
I wish that I could sing
All sorts of funny little songs
Not quite the proper thing.
I'm very gauche and very shy,
Her jokes aren't in my line;
And, worst of all, I'm seventeen,
While She is forty-nine.

The young men come, the young men go,
Each pink and white and neat;
She's older than their mothers, but
They grovel at Her feet.
They walk beside Her rickshaw wheels—
None ever walk by mine;
And that's because I'm seventeen
And She is forty nine.

She rides with half a dozen men,
(She calls them "boys" and "mashers,")
I trot along the Mall alone,
My prettiest frock and sashes

Don't help to fill my programme-card,
And vainly I repine
From ten to two A.M. Ah me!
Would I were forty-nine!

She calls me "darling, "pet," and "dear,"
And "sweet, retiring maid"
I'm always at the back, I know
She puts me in the shade.
She introduces me to men—
"Cast" lovers, I opine,
For sixty takes to seventeen,
Nineteen to forty-nine.

But even She must older grow,
And end Her dancing days;
She can't go on forever so
At concerts, balls and plays.
One ray of priceless hope I see
Before my footsteps shine;
Just think, that he'll be eighty-one
When I am forty-nine.

The Lovers' Litany.

EYES of gray—a sodden quay,
Driving rain and falling tears,
As the steamer wears to sea
In a parting storm of cheers.
Sing, for Faith and Hope are high—
None so true as you and I—
Sing the Lover's Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of black—a throbbing keel,
Milky foam to left and right;
Whispered converse near the wheel
In the brilliant tropic night.

Cross that rules the Southern sky—Stars that sweep and wheel and fly, Hear the Lovers' Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of brown—a dusty plain,
Split and parched with heat of June,
Flying hoof, and tightened rein,
Hearts that beat the old, old tune.
Side by side the horses fly—
Frame we now the old reply
Of the Lovers' Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of blue—the Simla Hills
Silvered with the moonlight hoar;
Pleading of the waltz that thrills,
Dies and echoes round Benmore.

"Mabel," "Officers," "Good-by,"
Glamour, wine, and witchery—
On my soul's sincerity,

"Love like ours can never die!"

Maidens, of your charity,
Pity my most luckless state.
Four times Cupid's debtor I—
Bankrupt in quadruplicate.
Yet, despite this evil case,
An a maiden showed me grace,
Four-and-forty times would I
Sing the Lovers' Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"

A Ballad of Burial.

ST. PRAXED'S EVER WAS THE CHURCH FOR PEACE."

I F down here I chance to die,
Solemnly I beg you take
All that is left of "I"
To the Hills for old sake's sake.
Pack me very thoroughly
In the ice that used to slake
Pegs I drank when I was dry—
This observe for old sake's sake.

To the railway station hie—
There a single ticket take
For Umballa—goods-train—I
Shall not mind delay or shake.

I shall rest contentedly,
Spite of clamor coolies make;
Thus in state and dignity
Send me up for old sake's sake.

Next, the sleepy Babu wake,
Book a Kalka van "for four."
Few, I think, will care to make
Journeys with me any more
As they used to do of yore.
I shall need a "special" break—
Thing I never took before—
Get me one for old sake's sake.

After that—arrangements make.

No hotel will take me in,
And a bullock's back would break
'Neath the teak and leaden skin.
Tonga ropes are frail and thin,
Or, did I a back-seat take,
In a tonga I might spin—
Do your best for old sake's sake.

After that—your work is done.

Recollect a Padre must

Mourn the dear departed one—

Throw the ashes and the dust.

Don't go down at once. I trust

You will find excuse to "snake

Three days' casual on the bust'—

Get your fun for old sake's sake

I could never stand the Plains.

Think of blazing June and May
Think of those September rains
Yearly till the Judgment Day!
I should never rest in peace;
I should sweat and lie awake.
Rail me, then, on my decease,
To the Hills for old sake's sake

Divided Destinies.

T was an artless Bandar, and he danced upon a pine,

And much I wondered how he lived, and where the beast might dine,

And many, many other things, till, o'er my morning smoke,

I slept the sleep of idleness, and dreamt that Bandar spoke.

He said: "O man of many clothes! Sad crawler on the Hills!

Observe, I know not Ranken's shop nor Ranken's monthly bills.

I take no heed to trousers or the coats that you call dress;

Nor am I plagued with little cards for little drinks at Mess.

- "I steal the bunnia's grain at morn, at noon and eventide,
- (For he is fat, and I am spare); I roam the mountain side.
- I follow no man's carriage, and no, never in my life,
- Have I flirted at Peliti's with another Bandar's wife.
- "O man of futile fopperies—unnecessary wraps! I own no ponies in the hills, I drive no tallwheeled traps;
- I buy me not twelve-button gloves, 'short-sixes' eke, or rings,
- Nor do I waste at Hamilton's my wealth on 'pretty things.'
- "I quarrel with my wife at home—we never fight abroad;
- But Mrs. B. has grasped the fact that I'm her only lord.
- I never heard of fever—dumps nor debts depress my soul;
- And I pity and depise you!" Here he pouched my breakfast-roll.

His hide was very mangy, and his face was very red,

And ever and anon he scratched with energy his head.

His manners were not always nice—but how my spirit cried

To be an artless Bandar loose upon the mountain side!

So I answered: "Gentle Bandar, an Inscrutable Decree

Makes thee a gleesome, fleasome Thou, and me a wretched Me.

Go! Depart in peace, my brother, to thy home amid the pine;

Yet forget not once a mortal wished to change his lot with thine."

The Mare's Nest.

JANE Austen Beecher Stowe de Rouse
Was good beyond all earthly need;
But, on the other hand, her spouse
Was very, very bad indeed.
He smoked cigars, called churches slow,
And raced—but this she did not know.

For Belial Machiavelli kept
This little fact a secret, and,
Though o'er his minor sins she wept,
Jane Austen did not understand
That Lily—thirteen-two and bay—
Absorbed one half her husband's pay.

She was so good she made him worse, (Some women are like this, I think); He taught her parrot how to curse, Her Assam monkey how to drink. He vexed her righteous soul until She went up, and he went down hill.

Then came the crisis—strange to say—
Which turned a good wife to a better.
A telegraphic peon, one day,
Brought her—now, had it been a letter
For Belial Machiavelli, I
Know Jane would just have let it lie.

But 'twas a telegram instead,
Marked "Urgent," and her duty piain
To open it. Jane Austen read:
"Your Lily's got a cough again
Can't understand why she is kept
At your expense." Jane Austen wept.

It was a misdirected wire—
Her husband was at Shaitanpore.
She spread her anger, hot as fire,
Through six thin foreign sheets or more,
Sent off that letter, wrote another
To her solicitor—and mother.

Then Belial Machiavelli saw
Her error—and, I trust, his own—
Wired to the minion of the Law,
And travelled wifeward—not alone.
For Lily—thirteen-two and bay—
Came in a horse-box all the way.

There was a scene—a weep or two—With many kisses. Austen Jane Rode Lily all the season through, And never opened wires again. She races now with Belial. This Is very sad, but so it is.

Possibilities.

A Y, lay him 'neath the Simla pine—A fortnight fully to be missed.

Behold, we lose our fourth at whist;

A chair is vacant where we dine.

His place forgets him; other men
Have bought his ponies, guns, and traps.
His fortune is the Great Perhaps
And that cool rest-house down the glen—

Whence he shall hear, as spirits may, Our mundane revel on the height; Shall watch each flashing 'rickshaw-light Sweep on to dinner, dance, and play. Benmore shall woo him to the ball With lighted rooms and braying band; And he shall hear and understand "Dream Faces" better than us all.

For, think you, as the vapors flee Across Sanjaolie after rain, His soul may climb the hill again To each old field of victory.

Unseen, who women held so dear,
The strong man's yearning to his kind
Shall shake at most the window-blind,
Or dull a while the card-room's cheer.

In his own place of power unknown, His Light o' Love another's flame, His dearest pony galloped lame, And he an alien and alone.

Yet may he meet with many a friend— Shrewd shadows, lingering long unseen Among us when "God save the Queen" Shows even "extras" have an end. And when we leave the heated room,
And when at four the lights expire,
The crew shall gather round the fire,
And mock our laughter in the gloom.

Talked as we talked, and they ere death—
First wanly, dance in ghostly wise,
With ghosts of tunes for melodies,
And vanish at the morning's breath.

Christmas in India.

D^{IM} dawn behind the tamarisks—the sky is saffron-yellow—
As the women in the village grind the corn,

And the parrots seek the river-side, each calling to his fellow

That the Day, the staring Eastern Day, is born.

O the white dust on the highway!

O the stenches in the byway!

O the clammy fog that hovers over earth! And at Home they're making merry

'Neath the white and scarlet berry-

What part have India's exiles in their mirth?

Full day behind the tamarisks—the sky is blue and staring,

As the cattle crawl afield beneath the yoke,

And they bear One o'er the field-path who is past all hope or caring,

To the ghât below the curling wreaths of smoke.

Call on Rama, going slowly, As ye bear a brother lowly—

Call on Rama—he may hear, perhaps, your voice!

With our hymn-books and our psalters We appeal to other altars,

And to-day we bid "good Christian men rejoice!"

High noon behind the tamarisks—the sun is hot above us,

As at Home the Christmas Day is breaking wan.

They will drink our healths at dinner—those who tell us how they love us,

And forget us till another year be gone?

O the toil that knows no breaking!
O the Heimweh, ceaseless, aching!
O the black dividing Sea and alien Plain!
Youth was cheap—wherefore we sold it;
Gold was good—we hoped to hold it;
And to-day we know the fulness of our gain.

Gray dusk behind the tamarisks—the parrots fly together—
As the sun is sinking slowly over Home:

And his last ray seems to mock us shackled in a lifelong tether

That drags us back howe'er so far we roam.

Hard her service, poor her payment—
She in ancient, tattered raiment—
India, she the grim Stepmother of our kind.
If a year of life be lent her,
If her temple's shrine we enter,
The door is shut—we may not look behind.

past.

Black night behind the tamarisks—the cwls begin their chorus—

As the conches from the temple scream and bray.

With the fruitless years behind us, and the hopeless years before us,

Let us honor, O my brothers, Christmas Day!

Call a truce, then, to our labors,
Let us feast with friends and neighbors,
And be merry as the custom of our caste;
For if "faint and forced the laughter,"
And if sadness follow after,
We are richer by one mocking Christmas

Pagett, M.P.

The toad beneath the harrow knows Exactly where each tooth-point goes; The butterfly upon the road Preaches contentment to that toad.

PAGETT, M. P., was a liar, and a fluent liar therewith —

He spoke of the heat of India as the "Asian Solar Myth;"

Came on a four-months' visit, to "study the East" in November,

And I got him to sign an agreement vowing to stay till September.

March came in with the kôil. Pagett was cool and gay.

Called me a "bloated Brahmin," talked of my "princely pay."

March went out with the roses. "Where is your heat?" said he.

"Coming," said I to Pagett. "Skittles!" said Pagett, M.P.

April began with the punkah, coolies, and prickly-heat.

Pagett was dear to mosquitoes, sandflies found him a treat.

He grew speckled and lumpy—hammered, I grieve to say,

Aryan brothers who fanned him, in an illiberal way.

May set in with a dust-storm. Pagett went down with the sun.

All the delights of the season tickled him one by one.

Imprimis—ten days' "liver"—due to his drinking beer;

Later, a dose of fever—slight, but he called it severe.

Dysent'ry touched him in June, after the Chota Bursat—

Lowered his portly person—made him yearn to depart.

He didn't call me a "Brahmin," or "bloated," or "overpaid,"—

But seemed to think it a wonder that any one stayed.

July was a trifle unhealthy. Pagett was ill with fear;

Called it the "Cholera Morbus," hinted that life was dear.

He babbled of "Eastern exile," and mentioned his home with tears;

But I hadn't seen my children for close upon seven years.

We reached a hundred and twenty once in the Court at noon,

(I've mentioned Pagett was portly,) -Pagett went off in a swoon.

That was an end to the business—Pagett the perjured fled,

With a practical working knowledge of "Solar Myths" in his head.

And I laughed as I drove from the station, but the mirth died out on my lips

As I thought of the fools like Pagett who write of their "Eastern trips,"

And the sneers of the traveled idiots who duly misgovern the land,

And I prayed to the Lord to deliver another one into my hand,

The Song of the Women.

(Lady Dufferin's Fund for Medical Aid to the Women of India.)

OW shall she know the worship we would do her?

The walls are high and she is very far. How shall the women's message reach unto her,

Above the tumult of the packed bazaar?

Free wind of March, against the lattice blowing,

Bear thou our thanks, lest she depart unknowing.

Go forth across the fields we may not roam in—
Go forth beyond the trees that rim the city,
To whatsoe'er fair place she hath her home in,
Who dowered us with wealth of love and pity.

114 The Song of the Women.

Out of our shadow pass, and seek her, singing—

"I have no gifts but Love alone for bringing."

Say that we be a feeble folk who greet her,
But old in grief, and very wise in tears;
Say that we, being desolate, entreat her
That she forget us not in after years.

For we have seen the light, and it were grievous

To dim that dawning if our lady leave us.

By life that ebbed with none to stanch the failing;

By Love's sad harvest garnered in the spring, When Love in ignorance wept unavailing

O'er young buds dead before their blossoming;—

By all the gray owl watched, the pale moon viewed,

In past grim years, declare our gratitude!

By hands uplifted to the gods that heard not;
By gifts that found no favor in their sight;
By faces bent above the babe that stirred not;
By nameless horrors of the stifling night;
By ills fordone, by peace her toils discover,
Bid Earth be good beneath and Heaven
above her.

If she have sent her servants in our pain;
If she have fought with Death and dulled his sword;

If she have given back our sick again,
And to the breast the weakling lips restored,—
Is it a little thing that she has wrought?
Then Life and Death and Motherhood be nought.

Go forth, O Wind, our message on thy wings, And they shall hear thee pass and bid thee speed,

In reed-roofed hut, or white-walled home of kings,

Who have been helpen by her in their need.

116 The Song of the Women.

All spring shall give thee fragrance, and the wheat

Shall be a tasselled floor-cloth to thy feet.

Haste, for our hearts are with thee,—take no rest!

Loud-voiced ambassador, from sea to sea Proclaim the blessing, manifold, confest, Of those in darkness by her hand set free— Then very softly to her presence move, And whisper, "Lady, lo, they know and love!"

A Ballade of Jakko Hill.

NE moment bid the horses wait,
Since tiffin is not laid till three,
Below the upward path and straight
You climbed a year ago with me.
Love came upon us suddenly,
And loosed—an idle hour to kill—
A headless, armless armory
That smote us both on Jakko Hill.

Ah, Heaven! we would wait and wait Through time and to eternity! Ah, Heaven! we could conquer Fate With more than godlike constancy! I cut the date upon a tree-Here stand the clumsy figures still:-"10-7-85 A. D." Damp with the mist on Jakko Hill.

What came of high resolve and great, And until death fidelity? Whose horse is waiting at your gate? Whose 'rickshaw-wheels ride over me? No saint's, I swear; and-let me see To-night what names your programme fill-

We drift asunder merrily, As drifts the mist on Jakko Hill!

L' Envoi.

Princess, behold, our ancient state Has clean departed; and we see 'Twas Idleness we took for Fate That bound light bonds on you and me. Amen! Here ends the comedy Where it began in all good will; Since Love and Leave together flee As driven mist on Jakko Hill!

The Plea of the Simla Dancers.

Too late, alas! the song to remedy the wrong;—
The rooms are taken from us, swept and garnished for
their fate.

But these tear-besprinkled pages shall attest to future ages

That we cried against the crime of it—too late, alas!

WHAT have we ever done to bear this grudge?
Was there no room save only in Benmore

For docket, duftar, and for office drudge,
Tha you usurp our smoothest dancing-floor?
Must babus do their work on polished teak?
Are ballrooms fittest for the ink you spill?
Was there no other cheaper house to seek?
You might have left them all at Strawberry
Hill.

120 The Plea of the Simla Dancers.

We never harmed you! Innocent our guise,
Dainty our shining feet, our voices low;
And we revolved to divers melodies,
And we were happy but a year ago.
To-night the moon that watched our lightsome
wiles,

That beamed upon us through the deodars, Is wan with gazing on official files,
And desecrating desks disgust the stars.

Nay! by the memory of tuneful nights;
Nay! by the witchery of flying feet;
Nay! by the glamor of fordone delights;
By all things merry, musical, and meet;
By wine that sparkled, and by sparkling eyes;
By wailing waltz, by reckless gallop's strain;
By dim verandas and by soft replies,—
Give us our ravished ballroom back again!

Or—hearken to the curse we lay on you!—
The ghosts of waltzes shall perplex your brain,
And murmurs of past merriment pursue
Your'wildered clerks that they indite in vain;

The Plea of the Simla Dancers 121

And when you count your poor Provincial millions,

The only figures that your pen shall frame Shall be the figures of dear, dear cotillions Danced out in tumult long before you came.

Yea! "See-Saw" shall upset your estimates; "Dream Faces" shall your heavy heads bemuse,

Because your hand, unheeding, desecrates Our temple, fit for higher, worthier use.

And all the long verandas, eloquent With echoes of a score of Simla years,

Shall plague you with unbidden sentiment— Babbling of kisses, laughter, love, and tears.

So shall you mazed amid old memories stand, So shall you toil, and shall accomplish nought,

And ever in your ears a phantom band Shall blare away the staid official thought.

Wherefore—and ere this awful curse be spoken—

Cast out your swarthy sacrilegious train,
And give—ere dancing cease and hearts be broken—

Give us our ravished ballroom back again!

Ballad of Fisher's

Boarding House.

That night, when through the mooring-chains the wideeyed corpse rolled free,

To blunder down by Garden Reach, and rot at Kedgeree,

The tale the Hughli told the shoal, the lean shoal told to me.

WAS Fultah Fisher's boarding-house, where sailor men reside;

And there were men of all the ports from Mississip to Clyde,

And regally they sat and smoked, and fearsomely they lied. They lied about the purple Sea that gave them scanty bread;

They lied about the Earth beneath, the Heavens overheard.

For they had looked too often on black rum when that was red.

They told their tales of wreck and wrong, of shame and lust and fraud;

They backed their toughest statements with the brimstone of the Lord;

And crackling oaths went to and fro across the fist-banged board.

And there was Hans the blue-eved Dane, bullthroated, bare of arm,

Who carried on his hairy chest the maid Ultruda's charm-

The little silver crucifix that keeps a man from harm.

And there was Jake Without-the-Ears, and Pamba the Malay.

And Carbov Gin the Guinea cook, and Luz from Vigo Bay,

124 Fisher's Boarding House.

And Honest Jack, who sold them slops and harvested their pay.

And there was Salem Hardieker, a lean Bostonian he—

Russ, German, English, Half-breed, Finn, Yank, Dane, and Portugee,

At Fultah Fisher's boarding house they rested from the sea.

Now, Anne of Austria shared their drinks— Collinga knew her fame;

From Tarnau in Galicia to Jaun Bazaar she came,

To eat the bread of infamy and take the wage of shame.

She held a dozen men to heel—rich spoils of war was hers,

In hose and gown, and ring and chain, from twenty mariners;

And, by Port Law, that week men called her Salem Hardieker's. But seamen learnt what landsmen know-that neither gifts nor gain

Can hold a winking Light o' Love or Fancy's flight restrain.

When Anne of Austria rolled her eyes on Hans the blue-eved Dane.

Since Life is strife, and strife means knife from Howrah to the Bay.

And he may die before the dawn who liquored out the day.

In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house we woo while vet we may.

But cold was Hans the blue-eyed Dane, bullthroated, bare of arm.

And laughter shook the chest beneath the maid Ultruda's charm--

The little silver crucifix that keeps a man from harm.

"You speak to Salem Hardieker-you was his girl, I know.

I ship mineselfs to-morrow, see, und round the Skaw we go,

126 Fisher's Boarding House.

- South, down the Cattegat, by Hjelm, to Besser in Saro."
- When love rejected turns to hate, all ill betide the man.
- "You speak to Salem Hardieker"—she spoke as woman can.
- A scream—a sob—"He called me—names!" and then the fray began.
- An oath from Salem Hardieker, a shriek upon the stairs,
- A dance of shadows on the wall, a knife-thrust unawares,—
- And Hans came down, as cattle drop, across the broken chairs.
- In Anne of Austria's trembling hands the weary head fell low:—
- "I ship mineselfs to-morrow straight, for Besser in Saro;
- And there Ultruda comes to me at Easter, und I go

"South, down the Cattegat-What's here? There—are—no—lights—to—guide!"

The mutter ceased, the spirit passed, and Anne of Austria cried

In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house when Hans the mighty died.

Thus slew they Hans, the blue-eyed Dane, bull-throated, bare of arm.

But Anne of Austria looted first the maid Ultruda's charm-

The little silver crucifix that keeps a n er from harm.

Tomlinson.

OW, Tomlinson gave up the ghost in his house in Berkeley Square,

And a Spirit came to his bedside and gripped him by the hair—

A Spirit gripped him by the hair and carried him far away,

Till he heard, as the roar of a rain-fed ford, the roar of the Milky Way—

Till he heard the roar of the Milky Way die down and drone and cease,

And they came to the Gate within the Wall where Peter holds the keys.

"Stand up, stand up now, Tomlinson, and answer loud and high

The good that ye did for the sake of men or ever ye came to die—

- The good that ye did for the sake of men in little Earth so lone!"
- And the naked soul of Tomlinson grew white as a rain-washed bone.
- "Oh, I have a friend on earth," he said, "that was my priest and guide,
- And well would be answer all for me, if he were by my side."
- "For that ye strove in neighbor-love it shall be written fair;
- But now ye wait at Heaven's Gate, and not in Berkeley Square:
- Though we called your friend from his bed this night, he could not speak for you;
- For the race is run by one and one, and never by two and two."

- Then Tomlinson looked up and down, and little gain was there;
- For the naked stars grinned overhead, and he saw that his soul was bare:

The Wind that blows between the worlds it cut him like a knife;

And Tomlinson took up his tale and spoke of his good in life.

"This I have read in a book," he said, "and that was told to me;

And this I have thought that another man thought of a Prince in Muscovy."

The good souls flocked like homing doves and bade him clear the path,

And Peter twirled the jangling keys in weariness and wrath.

"Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought," he said, "and the tale is yet to run:

By the worth of the body that once ye had, give answer,—what ha' ye done?"

Then Tomlinson looked back and forth, and little good it bore;

For the Darkness stayed at his shoulder-blade and Heaven's Gate before:

"Oh, this I have felt, and this I have guessed, and this I have heard men say;

And this they wrote that another man wrote of a carl in Norroway."

"Ye have read, ye have felt, ye have guessed, good lack!

Ye have hampered Heaven's Gate.

There's little room between the stars in idleness to prate!

Oh, none may reach by hired speech of neighbor, priest, and kin,

Through borrowed deed to God's good meed that lies so fair within.

Get hence, get hence, to the Lord of Wrong, for doom has yet to run,

And . . . the faith that ye share with Berkeley Square uphold you, Tomlinson!"

The Spirit gripped him by the hair, and sun by sun they fell,

Till they came to the belt of Naughty Stars that rim the mouth of Hell: The first are red with pride and wrath, the next are white with pain,

But the third are black with clinkered sin that cannot burn again:

They may hold their path, they may leave their path, with never a soul to mark,

They may burn or freeze, but they must not cease in the Scorn of the Outer Dark.

The Wind that blows between the worlds it nipped him to the bone,

And he yearned to the flare of Hell-Gate there as the light of his own hearthstone.

The Devil he sat behind the bars, where the desperate legions drew,

But he caught the hasting Tomlinson and would not let him through.

"Wot ye the price of good pit-coal that I must pay," said he,

"That ye rank yoursel' so fit for Hell and ask no leave of me?

I am all o'er-sib to Adam's breed that ye should give me scorn—

For I strove with God for your First Father the day that he was born.

- Sit down, sit down upon the slag, and answer loud and high
- The harm that ye did to the Sons of Men or ever ye came to die."
- And Tomlinson looked up and up, and saw against the night
- The belly of a tortured star blood-red in Hell-Mouth light;
- And Tomlinson looked down and down, and saw beneath his feet
- The frontlet of a tortured star milk-white in Hell-Mouth heat.
- "Oh, I had a love on earth," said he, "that kissed me to my fall;
- And if ye would call my love to me, I know she would answer all."
- "All that ye did in love forbid, it shall be written fair;
- But now ye wait at Hell-Mouth Gate, and not in Berkeley Square:

Though we whistled your love from her bed tonight, I trow she would not run;

For the sin ye do by two and two ye must pay for one by one."

The Wind that blows between the worlds it cut him like a knife,

And Tomlinson took up the tale and spoke of his sin in life:

"Once I ha' laughed at the power of Love and twice at the grip of the Grave,

And thrice I ha' patted my God on the head, that men might call me brave."

The Devil he blew on a brandered soul and set it aside to cool:

"Do ye think I would waste my good pit-coal on the hide of a brain-sick fool?

I see no worth in the hobnailed mirth or the jolt-head jest ye did

That I should waken my gentlemen that are sleeping three on a grid."

Then Tomlinson looked back and forth, and there was little grace—

For Hell-Gate filled the houseless Soul with the Fear of Naked Space.

"Nay, this I ha' heard," quo' Tomlinson, "and this was noised abroad,

And this I ha' got from a Belgian book on the word of a dead French lord."

"Ye ha heard, ye ha' read, ye ha' got, good lack! And the tale begins afresh—

Have ye sinned one sin for the pride of the eye or the sinful lust of the flesh?"

Then Tomlinson he gripped the bars and yammered, "Let me in—

For I mind that I borrowed my neighbor's wife to sin the deadly sin."

The Devil he grinned behind the bars, and banked the fires high:

"Did ye read of that sin in a book?" said he; and Tomlinson said, "Ay!"

The Devil he blew upon his nails, and the little devils ran;

And he said, "Go husk this whimpering thief that comes in the guise of a man:

Winnow him out 'twixt star and star, and sieve his proper worth:

There's sore decline in Adam's line if this be spawn of earth."

Empusa's crew, so naked-new they may not face the fire,

But weep that they bin too small to sin to the height of their desire,

Over the coal they chased the Soul, and racked it all abroad,

As children rifle a caddis-case or the raven's foolish hoard.

And back they came with the tattered Thing, as children after play,

And they said, "The soul that he got from God he has bartered clean away.

We have threshed a stook of print and book, and winnowed a chattering wind

And many a soul wherefrom he stole, but his we cannot find:

We have handled him, we have dandled him, we have seared him to the bone,

And sure if tooth and nail show truth, he has no soul of his own."

The Devil he bowed his head on his breast and rumbled deep and low:—

"I'm all o'er-sib to Adam's breed that I should bid him go.

Yet close we lie, and deep we lie, and if I give him place,

My gentlemen that are so proud would flout me to my face;

They'd call my house a common stews and me a careless host,

And—I would not anger my gentlemen for the sake of a shiftless ghost."

The Devil he looked at the mangled Soul that prayed to feel the flame,

And he thought of Holy Charity but he thought of his own good name:

"Now, ye could haste my coal to waste, and sit ye down to fry:

Did ye think of that theft for yourself?" said he; and Tomlinson said, "Ay!"

The Devil he blew an outward breath, for his heart was free from care:

"Ye have scarce the soul of a louse," he said, "but the roots of sin are there,

And for that sin should ye come in, were I the lord alone,

But sinful pride has rule inside—and mightier than my own.

Honor and Wit, fore-damned they sit, to each his priest and whore:

Nay, scarce I dare myself go there, and you they'd torture sore.

"Ye are neither spirit nor spirk," he said; "ye are neither book nor brute—

Go, get ye back to the flesh again, for the sake of Man's repute.

- I'm all o'er-sib to Adam's breed that I should mock your pain,
- But look that ye win to worthier sin ere ye come back again.
- Get hence! the hearse is at your door—the grim black stallions wait,—
- They bear your clay to place to-day. Speed, lest ye come too late!
- Go back to Earth with a lip unsealed—go back with an open eye,
- And carry my word to the Sons of Men or ever ye come to die:
- That the sin they do by two and two they must pay for one by one—
- And . . . the God that ye took from a printed book he with you, Tomlinson!"

The Ballad of the "Bolivar.

Seven men from all the world,
Back to Docks again—
Rolling down the Ratcliffe Road,
Drunk and raising Cain:
Give the girls another drink
'Fore we sign away—
We that took the "Bolivar"
Out across the Bay'

WE put out from Sunderland loaded down with rails;

We put back to Sunderland 'cause our cargo shifted;

We put out from Sunderland—met the winter gales—

Seven days and seven nights to the Start we rifted.

Racketing her rivets loose,
Smokestack white as snow,
All the coals adrift a-deck,
Half the rails below;
Leaking like a lobster-pot,
Steering like a dray—
Out we took the "Bolivar,"
Out across the bay.

One by one the Lights came up, winked and let us by;

Mile by mile we waddled on, coal and fo'c'sle short;

Met a blow that laid us down, heard a bulkhead fly;

Left the Wolf behind us with a two-foot list to port.

Trailing like a wounded duck, Working out her soul; Clanging like a smithy shop After every roll;

142 The Ballard of the "Bolivar."

Just a funnel and a mast
Lurching through the spray—
So we threshed the "Bolivar"
Out across the Bay!

Felt her hog and felt her sag, betted when she'd break;

Wondered every time she raced if she'd stand the shock;

Heard the seas like drunken men pounding at her strake;

Hoped the Lord 'ud keep his thumb on the plummer-block.

Banged against the iron decks,
Bilges choked with coal;
Flayed and frozen, foot and hand,
Sick of heart and soul;
'Last we prayed she'd buck herself
Into Judgment Day—
Hi! we cursed the "Bolivar"
Knocking round the Bay!

Oh! her nose flung up to sky, groaning to be still-

Up and down and back we went, never time for breath:

Then the money paid at Lloyd's caught her by the heel.

And the stars ran round and round dancin' at our death.

Aching for an hour's sleep, Dozing off between; Heard the rotten rivets draw When she took it green; Watched the compass chase its tail Like a cat at play-That was on the "Bolivar," South across the Bay!

Once we saw between the squalls, lyin' head to swell-

Mad with work and weariness, wishin' they was we-

Some damned Liner's lights go by, like a grand hotel;

Cheered her from the "Bolivar," swampin' in the sea.

144 The Ballad of the "Bolivar."

Then a grayback cleared us out,
Then the skipper laughed;
"Boys, the wheel has gone to Hell—
Rig the winches aft!
Yoke the kicking rudder-head—
Get her under way!"
So we steered her, pulley-haul,
Out across the Bay!

Just a pack o' rotten plates puttied up with tar, In we came, an' time enough, 'cross Bilbao Bar.

Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder, we

Euchred God Almighty's storm, bluffed the Eternal Sea!

Seven men from all the world,
Back to town again—
Rolling down the Ratcliffe Road,
Drunk and raising Cain:
Seven men from out of Hell.
Ain't the owners gay,
'Cause we took the "Bolivar"
Safe across the Bay?

An Imperial Rescript.

OW, this is the tale of the Council the German Kaiser decreed,

To ease the strong of their burden, to help the weak in their need.

He sent a word to the peoples who struggle and pant and sweat,

That the straw might be counted fairly and the tally of bricks be set.

The Lords of Their Hands assembled; from the East and the West they drew—

Baltimore, Lille, and Essen, Brummagem, Clyde and Crewe.

And some were black from the furnace, and some were brown from the soil,

And some were blue from the dye-vat; but all were wearied of toil.

And the young King said, "I have found it—the road to the rest ye seek:

The strong shall wait for the weary, the hale shall halt for the weak;

With the even tramp of an army where no man breaks from the line,

Ye shall march to peace and plenty in the bond of brotherhood—sign!"

The paper lay on the table, the strong heads bowed thereby,

And a wail went up from the peoples: "Ay, sign—give rest, for we die!"

A hand was stretched to the goose-quill, a fist was cramped to scrawl,

When—the laugh of a blue-eyed maiden ran clear through the council-hall.

And each one heard Her laughing, as each one saw Her plain—

Saidie, Mimi, or Olga, Gretchen, or Mary Jane. And the Spirit of Man that is in Him to the light of the vision woke;

And the men drew back from the paper, as a Yankee delegate spoke:—

"There's a girl in Jersey City who works on the telephone:

We're going to hitch our horses and dig for a house of our own,

With gas and water connections, and steamheat through to the top;

And, W. Hohenzollern, I guess I shall work till I drop."

And an English delegate thundered: "The weak an' the lame be blowed!

I've a berth in the Sou'-West workshops, a home in the Wandsworth Road;

And till the 'sociation has footed my buryin' bill,

I work for the kids an' the missus. Pull up!
I'll be damned if I will!"

And over the German benches the bearded whisper ran:

"Lager, der girls, und der dollars—dey make or dey breaks a man. If Schmitt haf collared der dollars, he collars der girl deremit;

But if Schmitt bust in der pizness, we collars der girl from Schmitt."

They passed one resolution: 'Your sub-committee believe

You can lighten the curse of Adam when you've lightened the curse of Eve.

But till we are built like angels—with hammer and chisel and pen,

We will work for ourself and a woman, for ever and ever. Amen."

Now, this is the tale of the Council the German Kaiser held—

The day that they razored the Grindstone, the day that the Cat was belled,

The day of the Figs from Thistles, the day of the Twisted Sands,

The day that the laugh of a maiden made light of the Lords of Their Hands.

Recessional.

A Victorian Ode.

OD of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard.
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People Lord!

Amen.

Robert Thomas

